

TO A CHINESE IDOL.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Once you ruled, a god divine,
In a sacred shrine
Near a river, and a tree;
Mid the trees;
And to the mandarins
With their smooth, unshaven chins,
Prayed absolution from their sins,
On their knees.

Tiny-footed Chinese maids,
With their raven hair in braids,
Sought you, in your quiet studies
To read the books;
Happily for a thousand years
You beheld their smiles and tears
Listened to their hopes and fears
And their vows.

Now above the earth,
In my lady's pink boudoir,
Ever dumbly pining for
The lost repose;
You sit still, day by day,
With your cheeks so thin and gray,
Stony eyes and reticent
Little nose.

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er
Persian rug and polished floor
You will frown forevermore,
Grim as hate;
A divinity
Having neither shrine nor crown,
Once a god, but now a brown
Paper weight.

(Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.)

META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Dettch Frank.

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning the sun shone out brightly, all the more so because of the rain the day before. Mrs. Woodruff, true to her word, and suffering with an imaginary headache, and Flo, much against her will, was obliged to carry her breakfast up to her. Meta had insisted upon taking breakfast with her father, and he was only too glad to have her with him. After breakfast, when all were assembled in the drawing-room, Meta asked who was going to church.

"I am sorry, but I can not go, as Lina is not feeling well," said Mr. Woodruff.

"The family will have one representative, for I am going," replied Gertrude. "I was never in a country church in my life, and now as I have such a splendid opportunity offered me, I shall take advantage of it and go."

"If you will do me the honor of accepting my escort, Miss Harris, I shall be only too glad to accompany you," said Arthur.

"Are you sure, Mr. Braden, that you are not doing this because you feel sorry to see me set off alone?"

"Believe me, Miss Harris, it is not, but because I have a desire to attend church once more."

"To hear you talk one would think that you had not entered a church for years," replied Gertrude.

"It has been years since I was in a church like this, where every one seems to be thinking of the same thing—that is, God and heaven. Not much like the temple of fashion have been used to attending."

"Gertrude, dear, you shall ride with me," said Mr. Braden. "I know papa will place his horse at your service. I almost envy you the ride, but, sir, you must be very careful of my cousin and let no harm befall her," interrupted Meta.

"Meta was feeling a great deal better, and was more like her old self. Her merry laugh rang through the room and penetrated to the rooms of Mrs. Woodruff, which were just above the drawing room, making that lady feel rather uncomfortable."

"Perhaps, Miss Woodruff, she rides better than I do," said Arthur.

"What do you say, Gertrude?" asked Meta. "That I would rather be a queen than her subject; therefore, Mr. Braden, I am your protector."

"Believe me, Miss Harris, I feel highly flattered in having to fair a lady as you for my protector."

"Well, after all, I shall have the best. For have I not my wish with me?"

"You are right, Meta, when one has no father, I am going to get ready, Mr. Braden; we will see who is in their horse next, you or I?"

"I shall, of course, and be waiting for my fair protector, for was a woman ever known to be ready on time?"

Both went out and up the stairs together. In a few moments Gertrude came down again. Mr. Woodruff had ordered the horses around to the front door, and he assisted Gertrude to mount White. She was scarcely seated, when Arthur came hurrying out.

"Oh, Mr. Braden, I was first to be ready, first in the saddle, and unless you catch me I shall be first at church," Gertrude said, laughing merrily.

But before she was out of the park he was by her side. Mr. Woodruff and his daughter watched them until they were out of sight; then seating themselves in wicker chairs on the porch, this fine, balmy Sunday morning, were both silent.

As we already know, Mr. Woodruff did not feel at ease in his daughter's presence since his marriage, and now when he sees her looking toward her mother's grave, with large tears in her eyes, his whole heart goes out to his only child.

Before Meta's mother died, she requested to be buried as near her home as possible; she could not bear to think of being taken from her loved ones. Her kind and loving husband did as she requested, and there before his eyes was the grave of his first love; while up stairs lay his bride, almost fierce in her anger with him for not having returned to her after breakfast was over. Lina made up her mind to send for her husband, and poor Flo was unwillingly pressed into service. It was while Mr. Woodruff and Meta were sitting on the porch, as we have seen them, that Flo delivered her message.

"You must return soon, papa, as I am all alone," said Meta.

"Yes, trust me for that, little one," he answered, not knowing but what he was telling the truth.

Hour after hour passed by. Arthur and Gertrude returned, yet not until the dinner bell rang did Mr. Woodruff come down stairs. As he entered the room, Meta did not look at him. She was afraid he might read in her face the disappointment he had felt all through the morning. She knew in her heart whose fault it had been that he did not return to her. Gertrude and Arthur were giving an account of their delightful ride.

"Meta, I am sure that White is the nicest horse I ever rode," said Gertrude.

"Of course, I think so; but I do not believe you could tell. If you tried, whether she trots, lopes or paces, as I am sure you would not be guilty of bragging, but the most religious thoughts on the Sabbath—at least, you look so. What do you think, Mr. Braden?"

"I agree with you, Miss Woodruff; yet looks are sometimes very deceiving, and I think they are so in this case."

"Oh! for shame, sir; yet I do not think but what I ought to thank you for expressing your thoughts so truthfully, although they are not very flattering to a lady whose father was a minister," replied Gertrude.

"Had I known that, Miss Harris, perhaps

I should not have expressed my opinion so freely."

"Then you would not have given a true one, if you had allowed my father's calling to govern you in forming an opinion of his daughter. What say you, uncle?"

"That if my niece, Gertrude Harris, is as good as she looks, she is entirely too good for the present company."

"Oh, most noble flatterer, I—"

"Wait a moment; there was the little word 'if' in my remark," said her uncle.

"Then I am satisfied, for I want to be one of you the short time that I have left to remain in this world."

"Gertrude, I wish you would make up your mind to remain with us all winter, this being the last we will spend here, as in another year Meta will be old enough to enter society, and of course this will be no place for her."

"You are wrong, papa," interrupted Meta. "I have no desire whatever of becoming a society belle, to flirt, flatter and be flattered; in fact, to become a heartless woman of fashion."

"I hope you may never change your mind, Miss Woodruff. It is seldom one comes in contact with such pure character as yours," interrupted Arthur.

"Oh, Braden, in another year you may change your mind."

"I hope not, sir, as we need more such young ladies as these two are. Then society would not be so corrupt, and there would be more happy homes," replied Arthur.

He was right. This man, who had seen so much of fashionable society, who had been knocked about from place to place, ought to know something about it. How many girls have entered fashionable society with pure minds and innocent hearts, and shy, simple manners, which won for them at the very beginning the admiration of all men and the hatred of their own sex who were less pure and less simple than they.

"You do not think that at the great day of reckoning before God, she will have to give an account of all this? Some persons may say no, for they see no harm in it. Was it not a sin to almost break the heart of a true loving man, one who was entering life with a glorious future before him, lacking only the help and love of a true wife to crown all his best hopes?"

"As far as I am concerned, I would much rather keep my daughter all to myself," continued Mr. Woodruff.

"How selfish you are dear papa."

"I do not deny the charge, where you are concerned. If society would once lay claim to me, I feel confident that you would have no time to give me."

"You are sorry that you have no better opinion of me than that."

"Come, little girl, do not be angry. I promise to think next time before I speak."

(CONTINUED IN TO-MORROW'S SENTINEL.)

The Philosophy of Hard Times.

In every civilized land, at this time, there is complaint that times are hard, truthfully remarks the New York Tribune. Everywhere the same complaint is heard, and in every production. But how can it be a curse to mankind to have the objects of human desire supplied in greater abundance and more cheaply? If there is over-production all over the world, as some reason, that means merely that the supply of things useful for human happiness is greater all over the world than the present demand. In reply to this natural suggestion, we are told that a vast amount of labor has been displaced by machinery; that a general disturbance of the labor market has been caused, and that a great number of persons have been thrown out of employment. The very change which some call a blessing brings ruin to many producers and to many employees; it cuts down wages, and curtails the ability of workers to consume products of other industries. Thus we are taught to believe that the progress of science and invention is a progress toward human misery.

It is true, that machinery has displaced human labor. A century ago, relatively few persons were employed in any other avocation than in tilling the soil than are now so employed. Machinery has created a new world; it has cheapened almost everything that man desires. It has brought within the reach of the humblest man a vast number of products wholly unknown a century ago, but luxuries and comforts which a century ago even the richest could not afford to commonly enjoy. Meanwhile it has displaced labor. On the contrary, it has made work for a vast population outside of the rudimentary work formerly pursued. Has it displaced the shoemaker? No; more persons than ever before are making shoes, because more shoes are made and used, cheapness permitting multitudes to wear them who formerly could not. So there are more sewing girls, in spite of sewing machines.

There are more farm workers, in spite of all the agricultural machines. There are more cotton and woolen and silk weavers, in spite of those numerous improvements which seem to do with steam and iron the work of human hands better than human hands could do. And to crown all, the wages in all branches of labor have risen. In every occupation, from the rudest to the most skilled, from farm labor to the most delicate manipulation of tools and machinery, labor is far better paid in money than it was before the age of invention. And, moreover, each dollar of the money received will buy far more food than a dollar would have bought a century ago, far more clothing and more things for the supply of all human wants.

Thus it is simply blundering to say that machinery does, or can, in the long run supplant or displace human labor. On the contrary, the use of machinery is limited only by the human labor that can be brought to employ it. Every labor-saving invention enables one human want to be more cheaply supplied, so that a part of the human labor expended in satisfying it can be turned to the supply of other want. The overproduction theory, except as limited to a very narrow field, and within a narrow compass of time, is altogether without foundation. The human race, as a whole, does not suffer because its powers of production are increased, or because its wants can be more easily and cheaply supplied, or because things needed for human comfort and use are more abundantly produced. Temporarily, and within some particular market, production may at times so far outrun demand that a distressful glut is the result. But this is not the phenomenon which we are now witnessing.

The Chandler-Jones Battle.

(Chicago Herald.)

The mortal combat between Hon. B. F. Jones, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and Hon. William E. Chandler, Secretary of the alleged New York, appears to be a draw. Hon. Chandler hoped to be able to inveigle Hon. Jones aboard one of the Government butter-tubs, but Hon. Jones preferred to meet Hon. Chandler at Philippi, by the Seneca Iron. So here the dog-fight rests.

The editor and publisher of The Spirit of the Times, N. Y., Mr. E. A. Buck, has used St. Jacobs Oil repeatedly with satisfactory results.

BOB INGERSOLL.

Some Specimens of His Wit and Humor.

Washington Correspondence.

It recently fell to the lot of your correspondent to attend a stockholders' meeting of a corporation, in which Bob Ingersoll is an office-holder. That noted pagan presided over the deliberations of the would-be millionaires present. As usual he was full of sparkling fun, which is difficult to communicate on paper. The charm of that man is his overflowing good humor. People do not value Ingersoll's opinions or wants of opinions. His goodness has no attractions for the average man, but his abounding jollity just shuts out all effective disapproval. He is a man of big brain, big stomach and biggest capacity for forcing cheerfulness upon his hearers. His merry blue eye always contains the beginning of a smile that broadens out through the muscles around his mouth into a laugh and circles all over the surface of his great, broad, sunny face, as the waves caused by a summer breeze cover the waters of a wide lake. His short, half-pug nose, set right in the center of his visage, has always a funny wrinkle that makes perpetual speeches as to the never-failing sunshine of the man's disposition. His face is covered with contentment and self-satisfaction in every one of its round curves. His attitudes and gestures are constant expressions of the pent-up drolleries that are every minute struggling into expression, whether he stands before the public or is in the midst of a social company.

On the occasion now referred to Ingersoll told his associates that they had met practically to wind up the affairs of the corporation, which had proved a money-losing concern from the beginning. He went on to detail his own losses through his connection with it. Holding in his hand a list of the stockholders, and groaning in a serio-comic way, he exclaimed: "My eye rests on a name here which is very appropriate to a man who would go into such an enterprise as this. The name is Gosling—Henry A. Gosling."

The secretary of the meeting turned to a little delicate-featured, slender-framed man who sat near and said, "Henry, he's calling for you."

"That's all right," replied Ingersoll. "I didn't know Mr. Gosling was here. Well, the G in my name ought to stand for Gosselet. Yes, I'll go back of the shell and say 'I'm unbalanced.'"

He then went on to set out in ludicrous terms the way he had been beguiled into putting his lost thousands into this unlucky business. "There was little Herron came to me with his head full of inventions and his pockets full of machines. He had in one pocket his patent for a laundry woman would her clothes. In another pocket he had a dredging machine. He wanted to take the bottom out of the Potomac River. In another pocket he had a little gold washing machine for gold-mining on the Chesapeake River. In another pocket he had a miniature train of cars, and railway, to illustrate his patent switch. In another pocket he had a paper taster. His clothes were all pockets, just pockets sewed together. They reminded me of the woman who wand and a cool dress, and said she believed she'd made it made of button-holes."

In discussing the methods of an agent of the corporation, Ingersoll turned to one of the stockholders and said:

"Proctor, do you know why the English farthing was coined? I'll tell you the reason for it was the convenience of the Scotch in making their contributions to His Majesty's charities."

Someone suggested that the present hard times, which had operated to the damage of the company, might be mitigated by a wise course of action by Congress.

"Pooh," said Ingersoll, "Congress is no more good to the business of the country than a pocket is in a shroud. We are largely dependent in the country for our prosperity upon the misfortunes of the rest of the world. If Russia and India have a poor crop, we can sell enough wheat to make us all rich. The trouble is our cities are too big. Too many people are living by their wits and not by their hands. My plan is to increase the number of that class that both consumes and produces, and diminish the non-producing class which gathers in the cities. I do not expect, however, to see a speedy end to business depression with corn in Kansas at eight and ten cents a bushel and wheat lower than at any other time in twenty years we need look for no good times in the near future."

The Original Richelieu.

Some Letter to American Register.

One of the dailies of the Eternal City calls attention to the fact that formerly there were other and more frequent occasions for betting than the fletness of horses. Nine new Cardinals were nominated by the Pope, and last week were invested in the robes of their office and covered with the broad-brimmed grey Cardinal hats, and the journal in question tells us that in old days bets were as freely indulged in as to who would be Cardinal as they are now made in regard to what favorite horse will win. They even betted on the election of the Pope, and the Pope himself was in vain tried to put down this gambling propensity in the Romans. They might bet on cock fights, gamble in lotteries, and foolishly spend their money in a thousand and demoralizing waging ways, but it was a scandal to bet as to who would wear the triple crown or the ugly red hat. But when Sixtus V. ascended the Papal throne he took reform measures. He was a Pope of infinite cunning and daring—two things that rarely go together; for the cunning man is generally a weak man physically, and hence liable to tergiversation and sympathy. Sixtus V., you will remember, was, when a boy, a swineherd—though some deny it—and having risen through his own ability, by various grades, to the Cardinalship, he was finally elected Pope on the death of Gregory XIII. (1585) because it was thought by his fellow Cardinals that a man so infirm that he could not walk without crutches was already more than "on his last legs," and would soon have to give way for another Pope. But no sooner was he elected to the highest office in the church than he threw away his crutches, sang a Te Deum in a loud voice, and was as apparently renewed in youth as the poetic imagination of Goethe made Faust to be after his first interview with the devil. He displayed great talent for government, he purified the Roman States of vagabonds and brigands who swarmed in them, he organized the public administration, and fixed the number of Cardinals at seventy, and took prominent part in almost everything going on in Europe. He excommunicated Henry of Navarre, and paid the same compliment to Queen Elizabeth of England. He also did great things for Rome in the line of utility and beauty. It was under him that the dome of St. Peter's was constructed, and it was he who caused Fontana to excavate the Egyptian obelisk that now adorns the semicircle before St. Peter's. He built an aqueduct of thirty kilometers in length, which still brings water to Rome. He was looked

care of his cash, for when he died he left to his heirs no less than \$5,000,000, which represented at the time a much larger sum than those figures show to-day, i. e., about \$25,000,000. But one of the reforms which he brought about, and which required a greater firmness and vigor than many others, was the putting down of betting and gambling in certain lines. He was not at all betting on the election of Pope and the nomination of Cardinals.

FIGHTING FOR \$15,000,000.

Protracted Litigations Over Real Estate—What an Old Trunk Revealed.

A dispatch dated Williamsport, Pa., December 30, says: Many persons here and in Washington, D. C., remember Dr. William Cammack, who for nearly thirty years before his death was contesting his right to large property interests in Philadelphia and other cities in the State. Dr. Cammack came to this place in 1857. He died in 1881, leaving a large amount of money to John Bloom, a resident of this city, requesting that he continue the fight as long as there was the remotest chance of recovering the property. The story of the claim is as follows: In 1840 an Englishman named Thomas Hall, who was the owner of 125 acres of land in West Philadelphia, 377 acres at Middletown, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, and 500 acres of valuable bottom land along the Delaware River, died intestate. The heirs-at-law were then living in England. In 1841 Dr. Cammack visited England and became acquainted with the heirs. Not being familiar with this country, and having no desire to come here, the heirs made arrangements with Dr. Cammack to settle up the estate, giving him full power of attorney, and at the same time legally signing over to him one-half interest in the estate as his share for settling it up. Dr. Cammack immediately came to America and began operations at once to recover the property. He employed counsel, and after the necessary delay occasioned thereby, and at a time when the property was almost within his grasp, his lawyers abandoned the case. The Doctor afterward claimed that his counsel was bought off by those having possession at that time. Not at all satisfied with this, the fight was continued, and although a wealthy man at that time, the Doctor died very poor, having spent his entire fortune in trying to get possession of the property. For the past three years Mr. John Bloom, who came with power of attorney for Mrs. Cammack (the Doctor's widow) has continued the fight with considerable success, the only difficulty being during the past year to obtain the deeds of the property. A short time ago Mrs. Cammack was looking through the contents of an old trunk belonging to the Doctor when she discovered her deeds. They were immediately sent to Philadelphia to her counsel, who wrote her last week, stating that the property, which is estimated to be worth \$15,000,000, could now be recovered without difficulty. It is claimed by Mrs. Cammack that Judge Kelley and Judge Peters of Philadelphia have been for years, and are now living on her property. She also says that most of the property has been built upon, but that the walls of the buildings were erected on leased grounds, as neither Judge Kelley nor Judge Peters can give a title. The case is to be pushed immediately. Dr. Cammack had seven children by his first wife, four of whom are now living in Washington, D. C.

Brid Building.

(Connersville Examiner.)

"The question now arises as to whether or not the employer should stand by the men who have done all in their power to ruin their business. It seems to us that the men who tried to save disaster should be looked after first."—Times.

The coverage passed in the Times shortly after the election, and it would seem that the editor of the organ advocated the discharge of men employed by Republicans who did not vote as they were requested by their employers. Still he claims to be the friend of the working man, but at the same time if he had it in his power he would doubtless discharge every Democrat in the city from their present positions. We venture to assert that his gall bag has burst long ere this.

Puzzles for Postmen.

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

The mails bring many curious things to the Postoffice of a large city like Minneapolis. Hardly a day passes without some oddity in the shape of the superscription of an envelope. Yesterday a letter was received from England, bearing the following explicit directions, with a little request to turn the letter along. The name of the person addressed is omitted:

Immediate.
Care Mr. _____
W3241a,
Minneapolis,
Near St. Paul,
N. America.

The letter at present is in a fair way to reach its destination. Not infrequently it happens that a foreigner, writing to a friend in this city, omits the names of the town and State, giving nothing but the number of the house, the name of the street and "North America." The letter goes immediately to the dead-letter office, where, by means of a huge street and number directory, skilled clerks ascertain that the missive was intended for Minneapolis, Minn., and accordingly forwarded to this city. It would seem as if it were pretty hard for a letter to go astray if it wanted to.

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Society Girls on Crutches.

(Washington Letter.)

Miss Tillie Freelinghuysen is so much improved in health as to be able to hobble down stairs on crutches and assist in some of the social duties. She will, however, probably be again a sufferer from the renewed use of the lame knee, for the physicians say she will not be well in many months unless she positively gives up exercise. It is a singular coincidence that another young lady of prominence in society, Miss Mary Pendleton, daughter of the Senator, is also obliged to walk with crutches. Her injury was from an unlucky step while playing lawn tennis last summer, spraining her ankle, from which injury she has not, to the great regret of her friends, yet recovered.

Beware.

Of violent purgatives. They must inevitably impair the well-being of the system, if much used. Irregularity of the bowels is remediable without their aid, and their effects on the organs. Hosts of stomach Bitters are not only a laxative, but a tonic. No subsequent medication is needed, as in the case of powerful cathartics, to repair the violence of their effects. Blue pill and calomel are never safe in the long run, and there are other medicines taken to regulate the liver and bowels which are hurtful to both. Long experience has proved the Bitters to be safe and salutary as well as potent. They brace up the system and cure the bowels, thus giving a new impetus (particularly material complaints), remedy the weakness and inactivity of a dyspeptic stomach, improve appetite, and tend to tranquilize overtaxed nerves. They have also won repute as a remedy for rheumatism and kidney troubles.

In many portions of Europe, where labor is plentiful and cheap, with the land closely cropped, the drilling of small grains is generally followed. They are drilled far enough apart so that the space between the drills may be hand cultivated.

The last of the Mohicans is considered by many persons the best of Cooper's writings, just as Misher's Herb Bitters is considered the best family medicine in existence. "I call it my medicine chest," writes Mr. Charles Marshall, of Marshalltown, Iowa. "It cured my wife of a severe case of indigestion, my youngest son was entirely cured of an affection of the kidneys that caused him great distress, and I myself found immediate relief from an attack of indigestion. There's nothing like it."

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